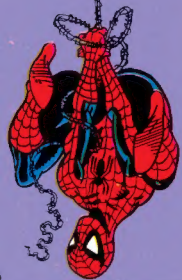


MARVEL[®]
COMICS

"PERCEPTIONS" PART 4 OF 5

SPIDER-MAN[®]



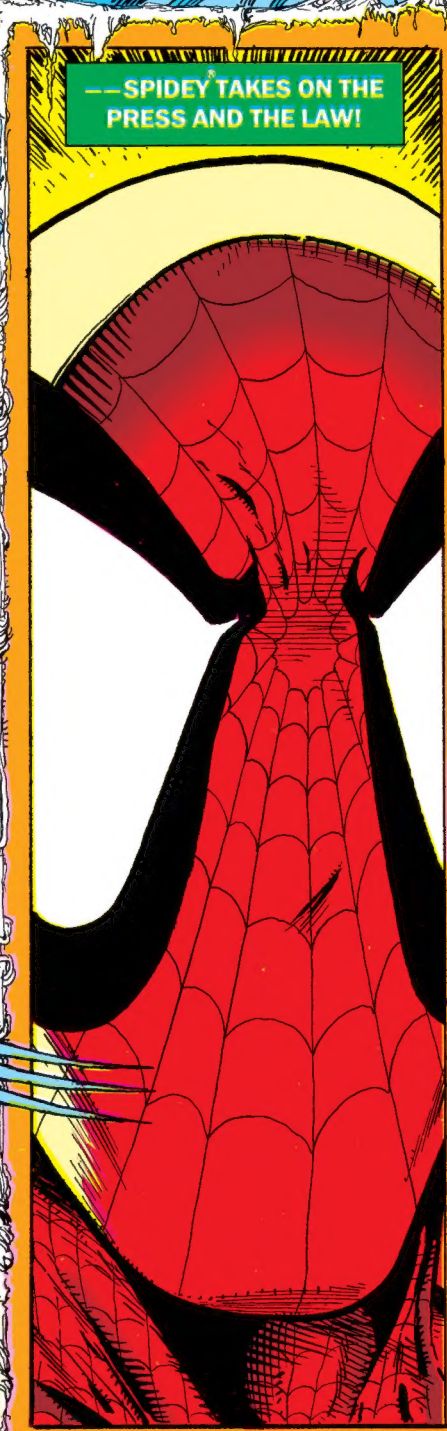
1.75 US
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11
JUNE
UK 85p


APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

WHILE
WOLVERINE[®]
OPERATES ON
WENDIGO[™]

— SPIDEY TAKES ON THE
PRESS AND THE LAW!



M. TARIANE
WK



Day ten.

It finally happened. Someone else has seen Wendigo. As a matter of fact, six people saw it.

There were officers in the bush, hunting down this savage baby-killer, when the monster attacked them. Two are in the hospital with injuries; the others are shaken emotionally.

I understand their fear. To face something eye to eye that you don't believe exists is disturbing. It blows all of your previous assessments of life to smithereens.

If a creature like this can roam the forest undetected for who knows how many years--then what else could exist?

SPIDER-MAN

What other horrors could be lurking just outside our windows without us ever knowing?

But now we do know. From my selfish perspective that's good. Ever since that first night when I ran into the Wendigo with my car, I've wondered if it was actually real.

The blood, fur and flesh wedged into the grill of my now-crushed car said it was.

So, even though the attack upon the R.C.M.P. is a horrible reality, their sighting now makes me feel like I'm not totally alone.

The weight off my conscience will now allow me to sleep, with some sort of peace, for the first time in ten days.

As for the R.C.M.P. officers, luckily they were armed. Maybe that's why the creature chose the children.

They were innocent. Harmless.

Easy prey.

GOOD! SHE'S IN HER ROOM.

STORY & PENCILS

INKS

RICK

PARKER

J.M.

SALICRUP

LOAD
McFARLANE


RICK
MAGYAR
&
McFARLANE

GEORGE

WRIGHT
color

TOM

DeFALCO
editor in chief



One officer reported that they found the creature almost instantly with local tracker **LUKE THORPE** leading the way.

When the monster viciously attacked, the mounties shot back. They say the "Sasquatch" was hit but were unable to determine the extent of the wounds.

Does this mean that we may have seen the last of *

**KNOCK
KNOCK**




**MS. BROOKS,
IT'S ME, PETER
PARKER.**

**SHE'S NOT GOING TO LIKE
THIS. HECK, FROM WHAT
WOLVERINE TOLD ME -- I
DON'T LIKE THIS.**



**PETER!
COME ON IN.
AND PLEASE
CALL ME
ANNA.**



**I WAS JUST WRITING
MY COLUMN FOR TOMORROW.
I'M SURE YOU HEARD ABOUT
THE ATTACK. SO WHAT DO
YOU THINK?**

**THAT'S WHY I'M
HERE, ANNA. I'VE
BEEN GIVEN SOME IN-
FORMATION THAT
STRONGLY SUGGESTS
THAT SOMEONE IN
TOWN KILLED
THOSE TWO
BOYS.**

**NOT THE
WENDIGO.**

**WHAT?!
THAT'S
ABSDUR!**



I WISH IT WERE.
BUT THE INFO I'VE GOTTEN
FROM MY SOURCE SAYS THIS
WHOLE 'BIGFOOT' THING
HAS BEEN A SHAM.

YES, THE WENDIGO EXISTS.
BUT IT ONLY HAPPENED UPON THE
NEUSEL BOY. FOR WHATEVER
REASON, IT WAS BRINGING HIM
CLOSER TO TOWN WHEN YOU
RAN INTO IT.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHY
I'M HERE. WE'VE GOT A
MADMAN RUNNING
AROUND WHO'S A POS-
SIBLE CHILD KILLER
AND NO ONE KNOWS.

WE HAVE TO
LET THE PEOPLE
IN ON THIS.

THIS IS CRAZY! YOU COME STORMING
IN HERE TO TELL ME THAT THE WENDIGO
WHO WAS CRATING AROUND A POOR
DEAD CHILD AND WHO ATTACKED
THE MOUNTIES IS INNOCENT?

GIVE
ME A
BREAK!

I'VE BEEN BUST-
ING MY BUTT ON THIS
STORY, COVERING
EVERY ANGLE. SO FAR
NOTHING POINTS TO
HUMANS.

I DON'T KNOW
WHY YOU'D DO THIS,
PETER, BUT I
EXPECTED BETTER
FROM YOU. I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
DIFFERENT THAN
THE OTHER 'SHARK'
REPORTERS!
WHAT WOULD
POSSESS YOU TO
DO THIS?

BECAUSE IT'S THE
TRUTH!

LISTEN, ANNA, I HATE THIS AS MUCH AS YOU DO. BECAUSE THE SICK THING IS, I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SENT HERE IF THIS WAS ONLY A MURDER.

ROUTINE MURDERS DON'T SELL PAPERS.

I'M NOT HERE TO WRECK YOUR STORY. AT THIS POINT I WISH IT WERE TRUE. BUT THE EVIDENCE I HAVE SAYS OTHERWISE.

YOU CAN'T SAY?!

THAT DOES IT! YOU TAKE YOUR SO-CALLED FACTS AND YOU SHOVE 'EM. I'M WRITING THE STORY OF MY LIFE AND I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DEAL WITH PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY!

NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

BEFORE I GO, YOU ASK YOURSELF A FEW QUESTIONS, SINCE YOU SEEM TO HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS--

--WHY DID ONE BOY HAVE ON CLOTHING AND THE OTHER DIDN'T? WENDIGO WOULDN'T CHANGE HIS HABITS.

AND WHY HAVE THE FORENSIC REPORTS BEEN DELAYED? EXCEPT FOR A FEW FACTS THAT WERE LEAKED TO HELP FUEL THE FIRES OF CONFUSION.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED I'VE GOT PLENTY MORE UNANSWERED QUESTIONS.

YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN REACH ME.

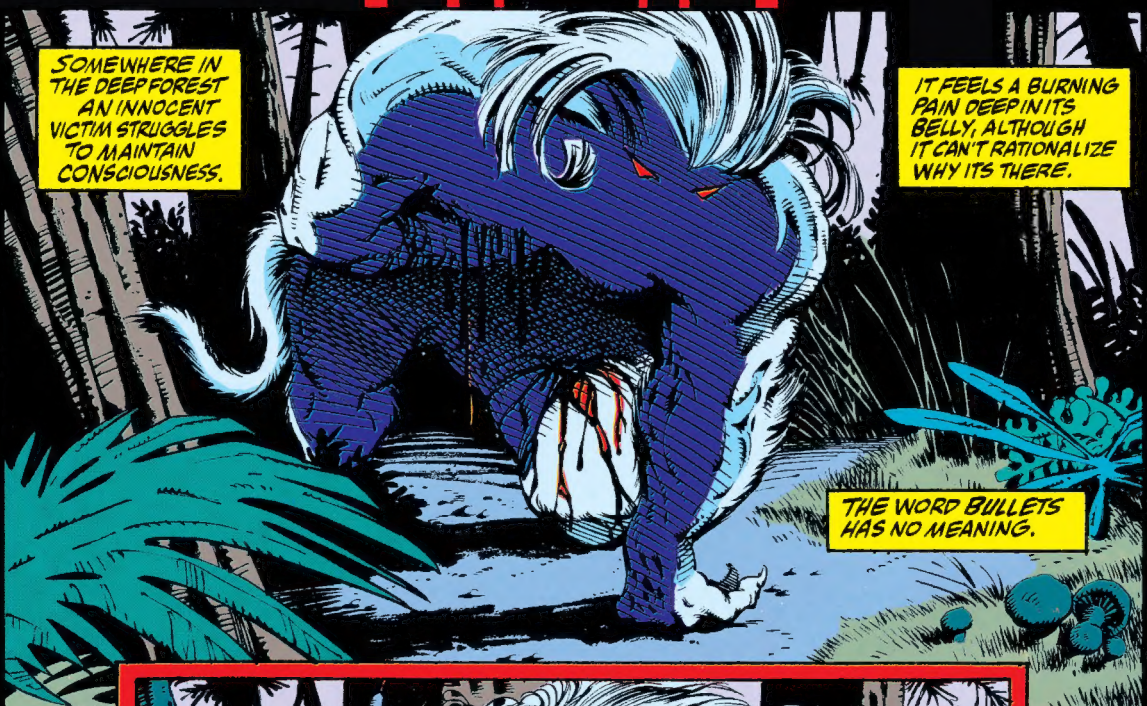
SLAM

WHAT EVIDENCE!? SHOW ME. AND JUST WHO IS YOUR SOURCE?

I CAN'T SAY RIGHT NOW.

I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY. NOW IT'S ME WHO WOULD HAVE EXPECTED BETTER.

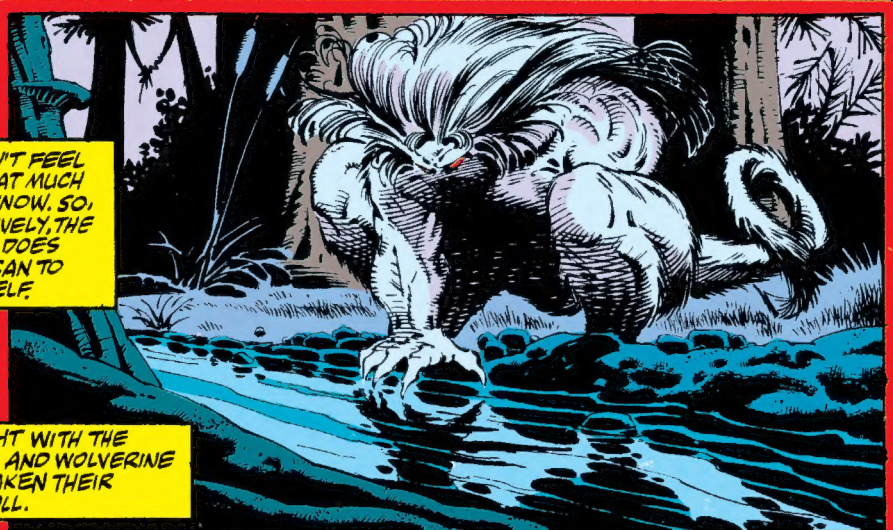




SOMEWHERE IN
THE DEEP FOREST
AN INNOCENT
VICTIM STRUGGLES
TO MAINTAIN
CONSCIOUSNESS.


IT FEELS A BURNING
PAIN DEEP IN ITS
BELLY, ALTHOUGH
IT CAN'T RATIONALIZE
WHY IT'S THERE.

THE WORD BULLETS
HAS NO MEANING.




IT DOESN'T FEEL
RIGHT, THAT MUCH
IT DOES KNOW. SO,
INSTINCTIVELY, THE
WENDIGO DOES
WHAT IT CAN TO
HELP ITSELF.

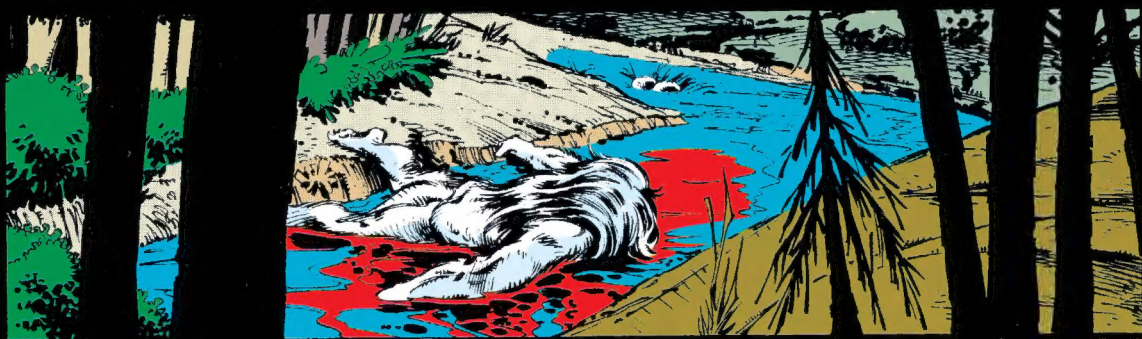
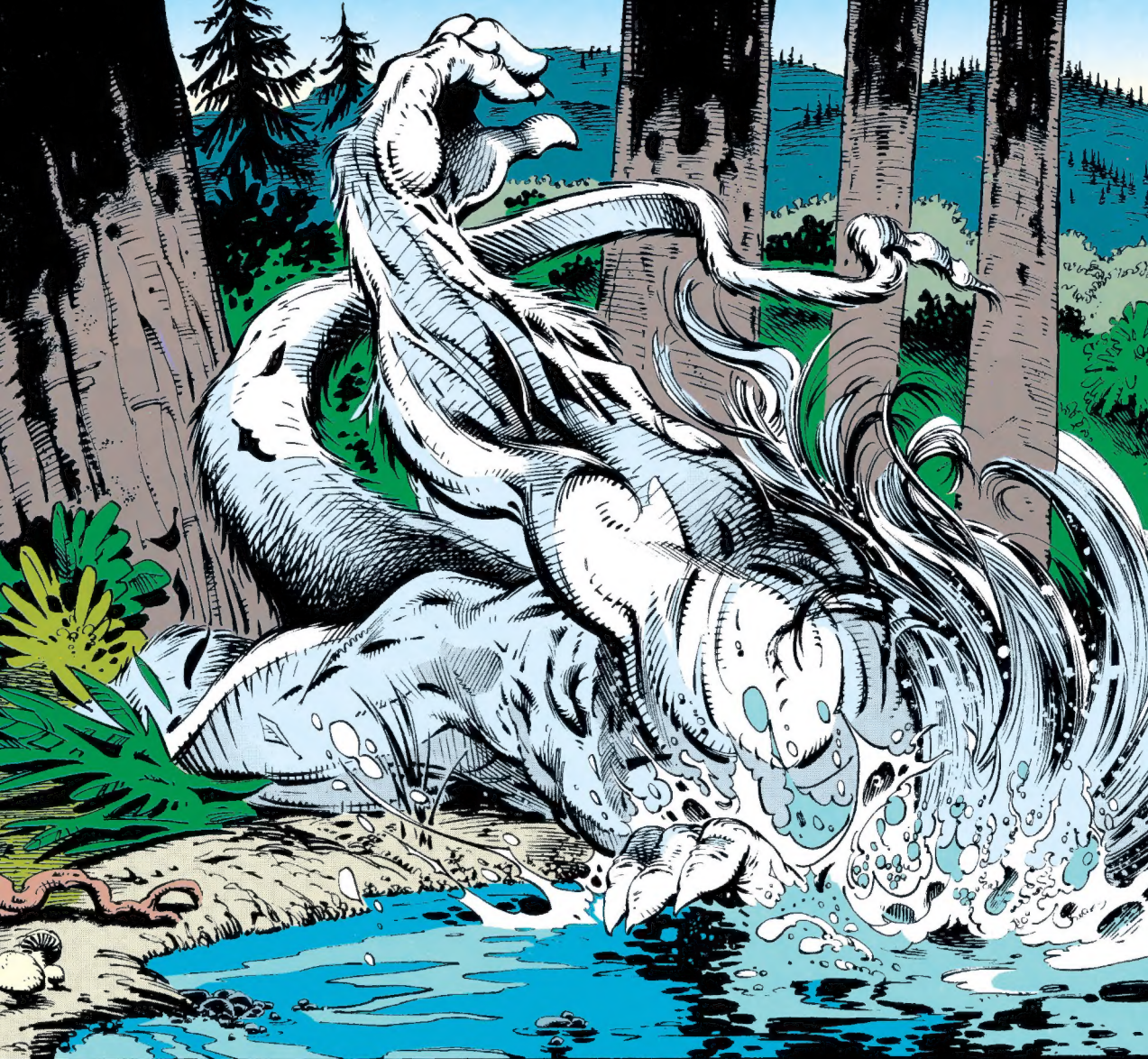
THE FIGHT WITH THE
R.C.M.P. AND WOLVERINE
HAVE TAKEN THEIR
TOLL.



ESPECIALLY
WITH GUNSHOT
WOUNDS TO
EVEN THE
ODDS.



THE CREATURE
CARES ABOUT
NONE OF
THIS.



A full-page comic book illustration of Wolverine in a swampy forest. He is wearing his iconic yellow and black costume with a red belt buckle. He is looking down at a body of water with reeds and cattails. The background shows tall, thin trees and a blue sky. The art style is classic comic book with bold lines and a limited color palette.

SOMEONE'S
GONNA PAY
DEARLY.

SPIDEY'D
BETTER BE
DOING HIS JOB,
'CAUSE I'M
GETTING TIRED
OF WAITING.

A large, dramatic illustration of Spider-Man hanging upside down from a brick ledge. He is wearing his iconic red and blue suit with the spider emblem on the chest. His face is shown in profile, looking down with a determined expression. The background shows a city street with buildings, a crowd of people, and a car. The scene is set during the day with a clear blue sky.

TIME'S RUNNING OUT. I THOUGHT ANNA COULD HELP ME WITH THE OTHER REPORTERS.

LOOKS LIKE I'M ON MY OWN. CAN'T RISK EXPOSING MYSELF RIGHT NOW 'CAUSE THAT WOULD JUST COMPLICATE MATTERS.

5000----

GUESS THE HYPE HAS SWALLOWED HER UP, TOO.

BECAUSE, DEAR SPIDEY, YOU'VE BEEN DOWN THIS PATH TOO MANY TIMES.

-- THE R.C.M.P. IS MY NEXT BET, BUT WHY DO I KNOW THAT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO WELCOME THE NEWS?

OR THE RAMIFICATIONS?



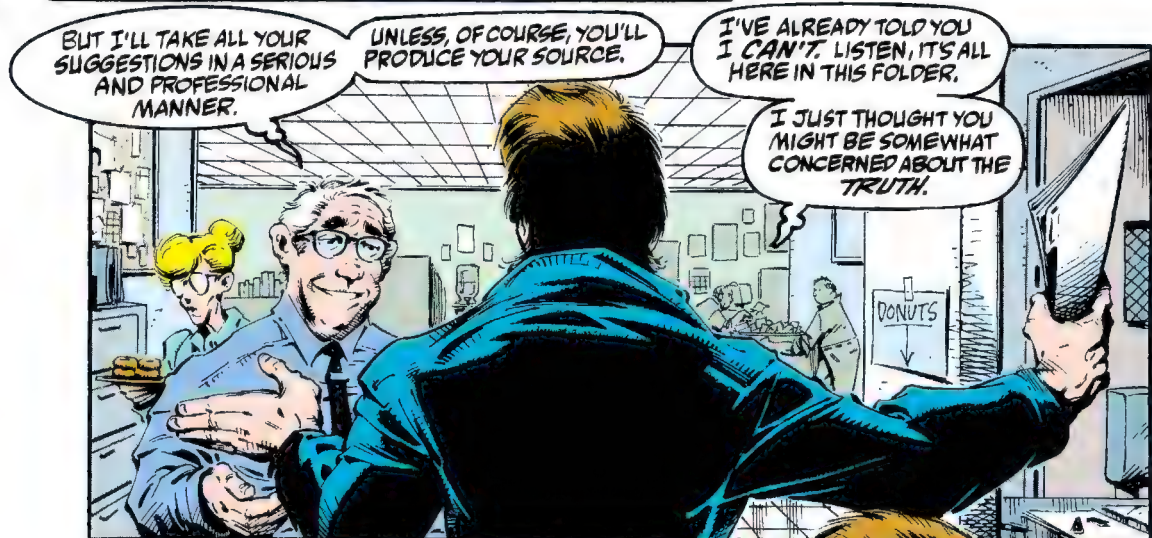
I HOPE THEY'LL BELIEVE SOME OF THE EVIDENCE I GIVE THEM.

IF NOT, MELVIN IS GOING TO BECOME MY BUDDY REAL FAST!



YA KNOW, I'M GETTING TIRED OF YOU GUYS. IF YOU CAN'T GET YOUR STORY THE PROPER WAY--

--YOU JUST **MAKE UP** YOUR OWN ANSWERS.



BUT I'LL TAKE ALL YOUR SUGGESTIONS IN A SERIOUS AND PROFESSIONAL MANNER.

UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'LL PRODUCE YOUR SOURCE.

I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU I **CAN'T**. LISTEN, IT'S ALL HERE IN THIS FOLDER.

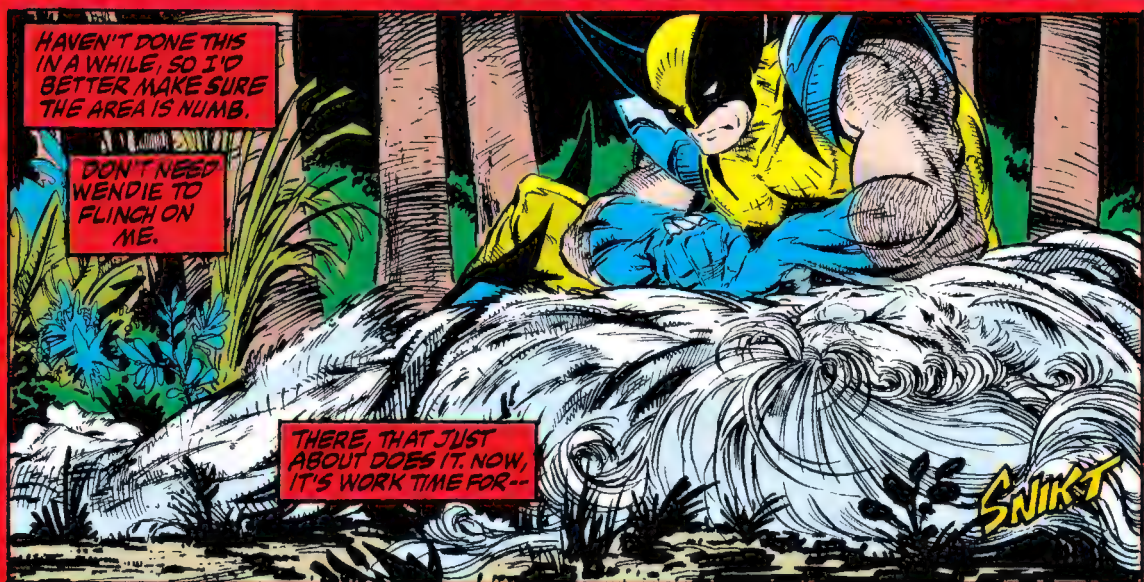
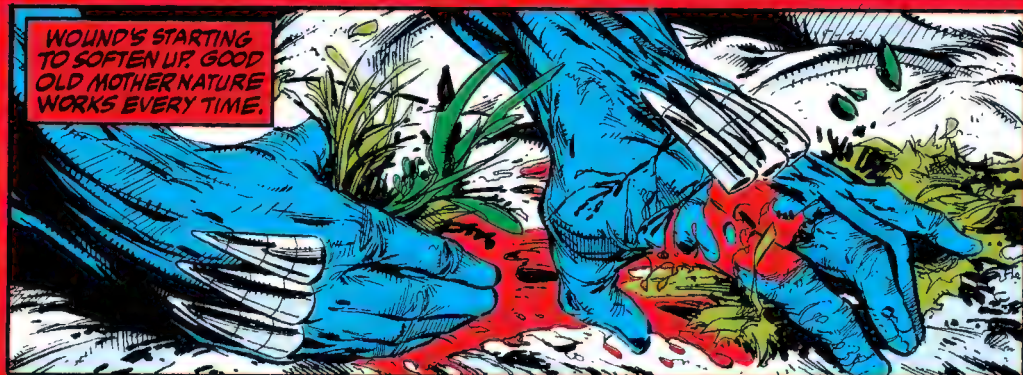
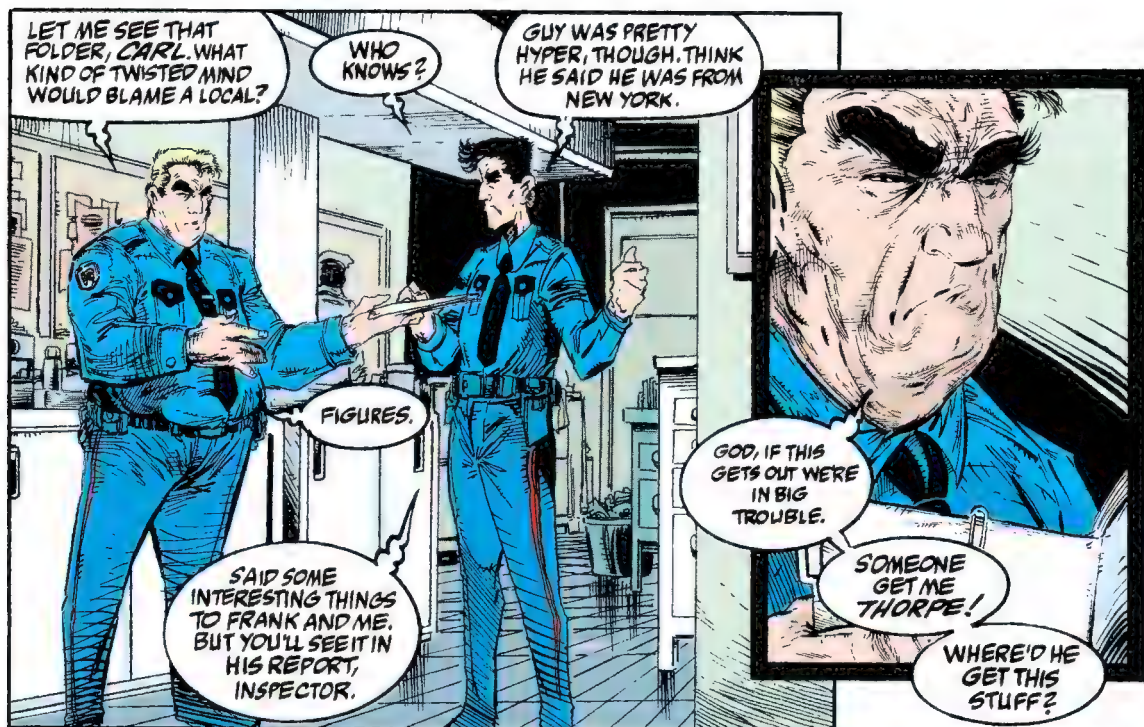
I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE SOMEWHAT CONCERNED ABOUT THE **TRUTH**.

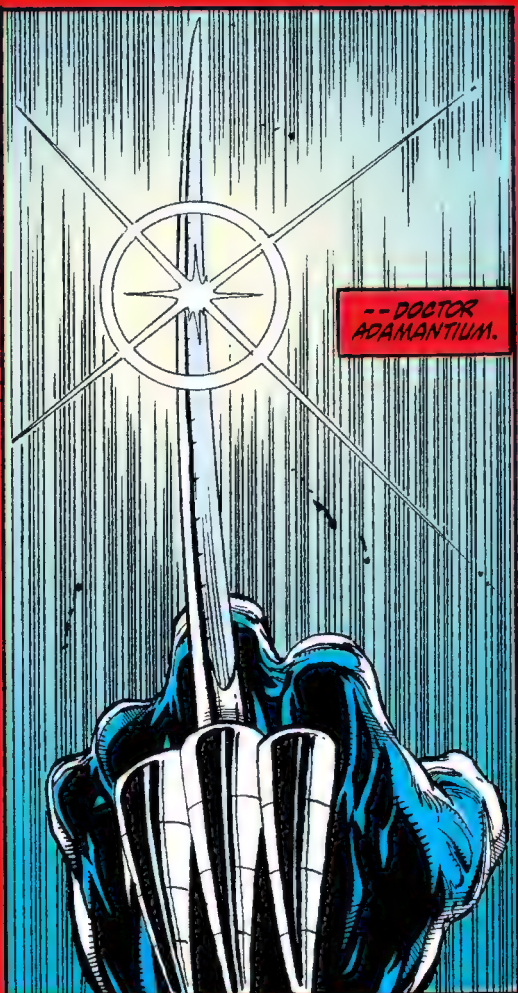


WE'LL HANDLE THIS.

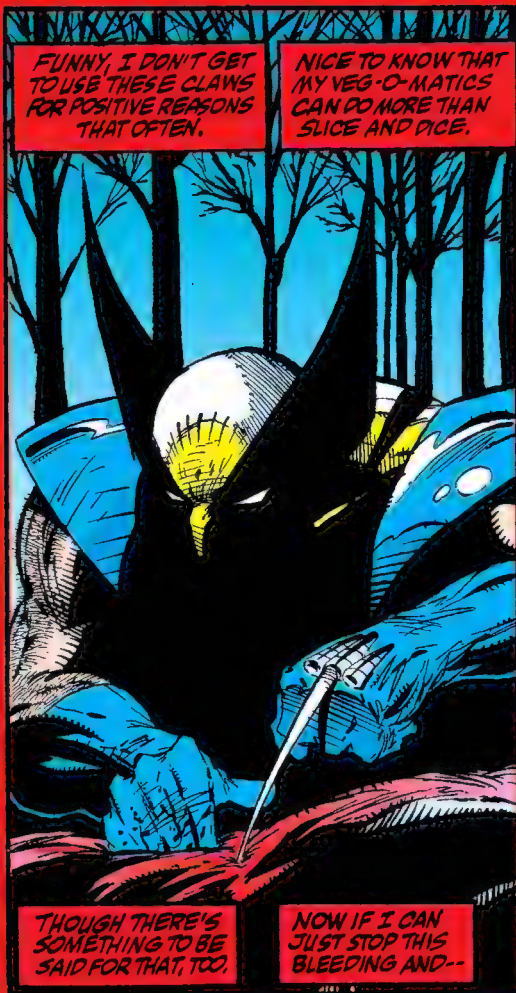


SURE. THANKS FOR NOTHING.





-- DOCTOR
ADAMANTIUM.

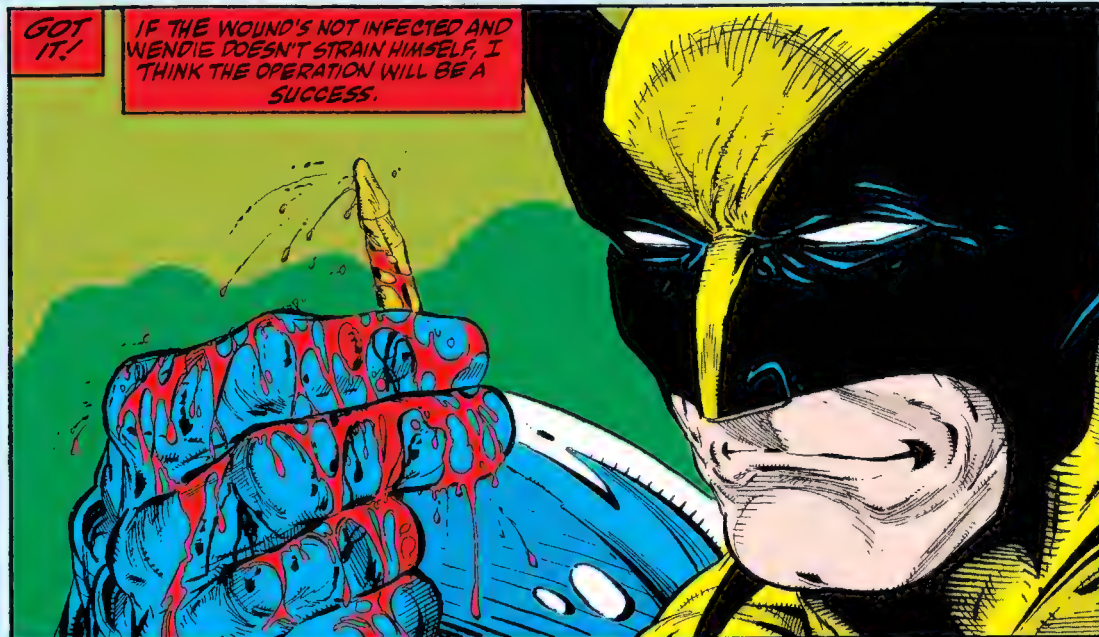


FUNNY, I DON'T GET
TO USE THESE CLAWS
FOR POSITIVE REASONS
THAT OFTEN.

NICE TO KNOW THAT
MY VEG-O-MATICS
CAN DO MORE THAN
SLICE AND DICE.

THOUGH THERE'S
SOMETHING TO BE
SAID FOR THAT, TOO.

NOW IF I CAN
JUST STOP THIS
BLEEDING AND--



GOT
IT!

IF THE WOUND'S NOT INFECTED AND
WENDIE DOESN'T STRAIN HIMSELF, I
THINK THE OPERATION WILL BE A
SUCCESS.



HERE'S A
SOUVENIR,
BUB.

I'D GIVE SPIDEY
TWO MORE HOURS,
THEN IT'S MY TURN
TO CONVINCE THE
GOOD CITIZENS OF
HOPE.

IF HE DOESN'T COME BRINGING
GOOD NEWS, THEN I'LL GO INTO
TOWN AND SNIFF DOWN THE
BLOODY PIG MYSELF.

NO ONE'S GONNA DIE
WHILE I'M HERE.

A LIVING CANCER
IS WALKING
AROUND KILLING.
IT'S MY JOB TO
MAKE HIM
TERMINAL.

YOU CAN'T BE **SERIOUS!** C'MON, PETER! YOU'RE JUST A PHOTOGRAPHER. HOW'D YOU GET THAT KIND OF INFORMATION?

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

ARE YOU KIDDING? EVERYONE'S ON THE PATH TO THE LEFT, BUT YOU SAY THE ANSWERS ARE ON THE **RIGHT**. YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT MATTERS!

MEL, I WASTED AN HOUR JUST TRACKING YOU DOWN. TIME IS CRUCIAL. YOU'LL GET ALL YOUR ANSWERS LATER. THE COPS ARE USELESS RIGHT NOW SO WE'VE GOT TO DO THIS ON OUR OWN.

C'MON, EVEN IF THIS WAS TRUE, WE CAN'T STOP THE WHEELS OF PARANOIA. WE'RE IN THIS, WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT.

WRONG!

YOU'RE IN THIS. I'M JUST A PHOTOGRAPHER, REMEMBER? I CAN MAKE AN IDIOT OF MYSELF.

AND BECAUSE MY CAREER DOESN'T HINGE UPON THIS STORY, I CAN LET THE ODD PIECE OF DOUBT ENTER IN.

I'M NOT SAYING I'VE GOT ALL THE ANSWERS.

BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ACCEPT THAT NEITHER DO YOU.

I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO GO OUT WITH MY MEN THIS TIME. YOU DO WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO.

BUT UNLESS YOU CAN NAIL THIS CREATURE IN THE NEXT FORTY-EIGHT HOURS? I DON'T NEED YOU.

LIKE THE KILLER MIGHT NOT BE THE MONSTER.

WHAT? HOW'D YOU KNOW?

JUST A HUNCH, AMONGST OTHER THINGS.

LOOK, THORPE, WE NEED TO GIVE THE PEOPLE SOMETHING... ANYTHING!

THERE ARE RUMORS THAT COULD DEVASTATE THE COMMUNITY AND...

I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU NEED. YOU'RE NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THIS KILLER. YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR NECK THAT'S ABOUT TO BE CHOPPED.

I'LL GET YOUR "BIG FOOT," BUT IT WILL BE ON MY TERMS. MY WAY. I DON'T CARE ABOUT CATCHING A SACRIFICIAL PIG. I JUST WANT THOSE ANNOYING REPORTERS OUTTA MY WOODS.

I'M NOT CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR MOTIVATIONS. IT'S BEEN TEN DAYS.



"I WANT THAT CREATURE
DEAD BY DAY TWELVE."

"THAT'S HOW YOU CAN HAVE
THE WOODS ALL TO YOURSELF."

WEN-DI-GO

GLAD TO
SEE YOU'RE
FEELING
BETTER.

WHO SAYS
YOU'RE
WIMPY?





NOW BEFORE YOU RIP MY HEAD OFF, LET ME TELL YOU WHAT'S UP.

IF WE DON'T SOLVE THIS LITTLE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY SOON, I DON'T THINK YOUR ODDS OF SURVIVING THE YEAR ARE VERY GOOD.

HECK, SURVIVING THE WEEK!

BUT WE DON'T HAVE CONTROL OVER THAT. WHAT WE DO HAVE CONTROL OF IS WHERE WE GO AND WHEN WE GO.

SO YOU NEED TO FOLLOW MY LEAD.

I HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER BODY.

THOUGH THE CREATURE CAN'T UNDERSTAND, IT TRUSTS SOMETHING...

THAT'LL BE THE LAST PIECE OF EVIDENCE THEY MIGHT WANT.

I PROMISE YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE. TRUST ME.

...ITS INSTINCTS.

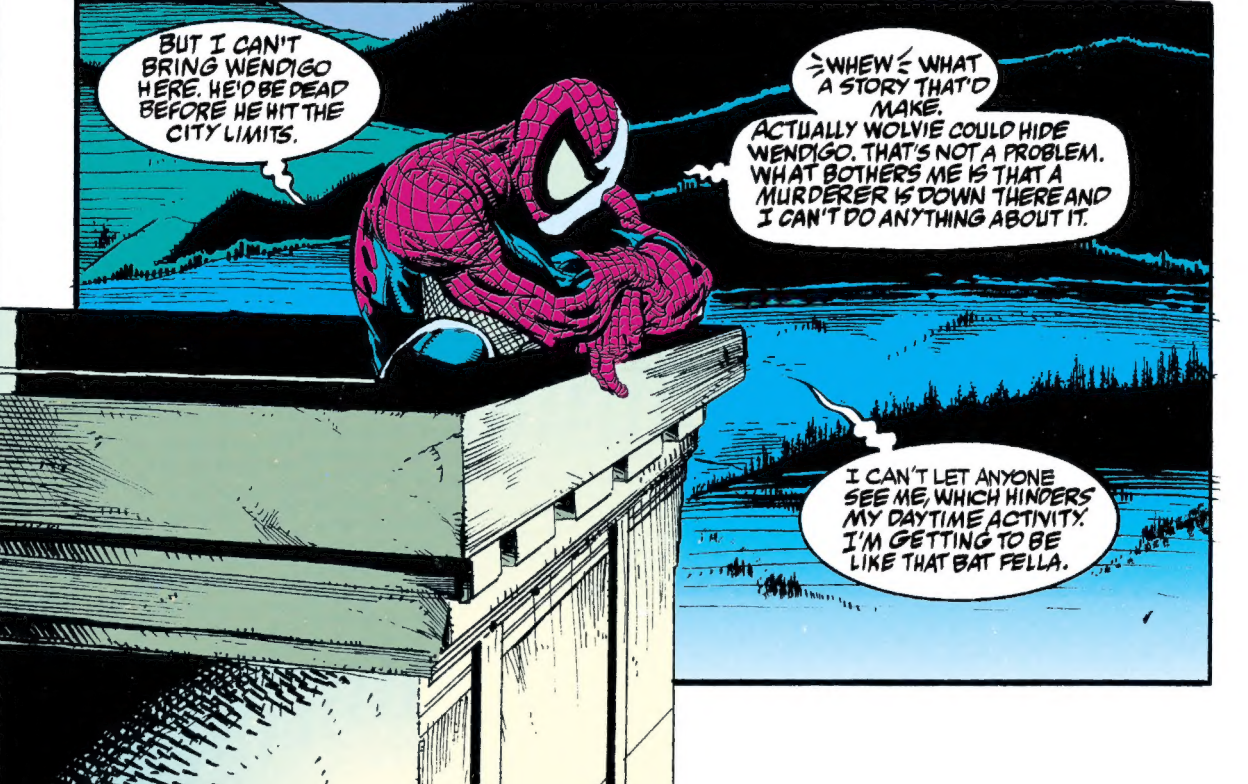


THIS
STINKS!

ANNA WON'T
BELIEVE ME, THE
COPS WON'T
BELIEVE ME, AND
MELVIN'S AN
IDIOT.

I JUST CAN'T
UNDERSTAND THEM.
JUST BECAUSE WENDIGO
HAD THE DEAD BOY IN HIS
HANDS AND ATTACKED THE
MOUNTIES... WHAT KIND
OF REASONS ARE THOSE
TO ASSUME HE'S GUILTY?

I WOULDN'T
BELIEVE ME
EITHER.



BUT I CAN'T
BRING WENDIGO
HERE. HE'D BE DEAD
BEFORE HE HIT THE
CITY LIMITS.

WHEW! WHAT
A STORY THAT'D
MAKE.

ACTUALLY WOLVIE COULD HIDE
WENDIGO. THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM.
WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT A
MURDERER IS DOWN THERE AND
I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

I CAN'T LET ANYONE
SEE ME, WHICH HINDERS
MY DAYTIME ACTIVITY.
I'M GETTING TO BE
LIKE THAT BAT FELLA.

WE WOULDN'T WANT TO
THINK ABOUT THE BOY'S
PARENTS AND FAMILY.

THEY'VE BECOME
A FREAK SHOW.



MARY JANE,
WHERE ARE YOU
WHEN I NEED YOU?!

WELL, TIME TO
MEET WOLVIE. BUT
HE IS NOT GOING TO
BE IMPRESSED
WITH MY EFFORT.

I DON'T THINK
I'VE EVER SEEN
AS SICK A
STORY AS THIS,
CAREERS, HEAD-
LINES, PRESTIGE.

MY GOD, ARE WE
MISSING THE POINT?
EVEN WORSE, DO WE
WANT TO GET IT?

ARE SALES GOING TO
DICTATE OUR ETHICS?
SO THERE'S A MURDER.
YAHOO! WE'VE READ
ABOUT THAT BEFORE.

I JUST DON'T
KNOW ANYMORE.



THEN AGAIN,
NEITHER
AM I.

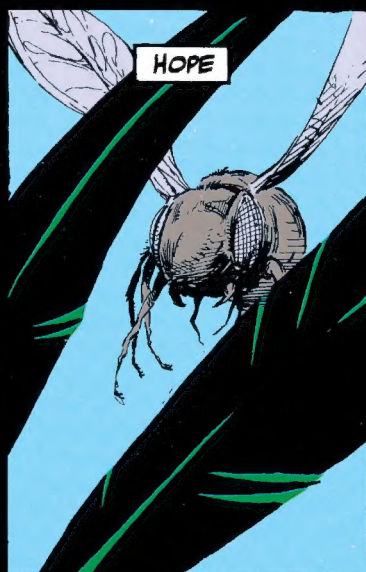




"I



JUST



HOPE



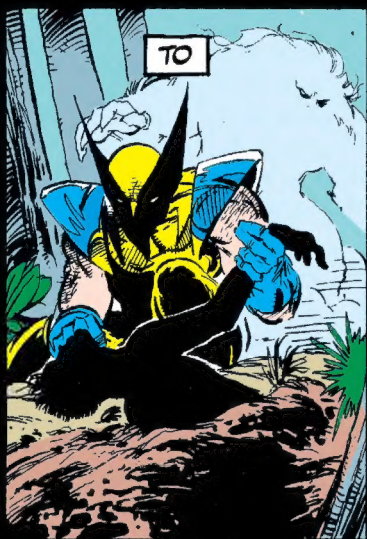
HE



WAS



ABLE



TO



FIND



SOMETHING."



WENAD! GO!

IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT,
FOR THE FIRST TIME WENDIE
HOWLS NOT WITH PAIN.

OR ANGER.

BUT WITH
ANGLISH.

NEXT: THE CONCLUSION